

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN INC.

AN UNPROMISING PAIR OF RACERS.

UNCLE SAM.—Neither one of these animals is good for anything;—they say there's a new horse being trained, called "Free Trade," that will beat 'em both!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 20th, 1894. — No. 902.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Most of the articles and illustrations in PUCK are copyrighted in the United States and Great Britain. All persons are cautioned against using any of them without permission.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO SPOILS AND REFORM. TO THE mind of the average citizen, the words "the Government" suggest one thing: unlimited money. Visions arise of spacious vaults stuffed to overflowing with money of all kinds; towering piles of gold pieces, bulging bundles of greenbacks, bushels of silver dollars and tons of neatly-printed bonds. The average citizen cherishes this artless conception with a dreamy delight. Boundless hard cash is to him the one symbol of Government. Elections and primaries, presidents and senators, are useful enough in their way; but when he really wants to picture Government to himself, he thinks simply of more dollars than he could count. This would not be so bad if the average citizen would only take the trouble to reflect a little on just how all those piles of dollars came to be where they are. But he never does. He concerns himself only with their actual, tangible presence. Who worked for them, who paid them in, who owns them,—these matters find no place in his ponderings. In fact, it never occurs to him that anyone owns the money stored in the United States Treasury; or he believes, rather, that it is everyone's. Everyone has a perfect right to help himself—but only under certain conditions. The average citizen, for instance, would consider it sinful to enter a Treasury vault, fill a roomy basket with twenty-dollar gold pieces and lug it away, because that would be plain theft. It is necessary, according to the average citizen's conscience, that the Government's money shall be taken only with due formality. He must make it appear that the money is due for some service rendered the Government. The less burdensome, the more mythical that service is, the more blithely does the average citizen pocket his little gleanings. He is an honest man, as the word goes, and he is honest enough in this instance. There is the big heap of money belonging to nobody and to everybody, and he feels it right and admirable to get what he can of it by what he considers legal methods. The Government's money is quite different from any other money in the world, to his mind. He believes that it has been created by the mere will of the Government, which is a never-failing fountain of wealth. And that is why the average citizen takes kindly to the Spoils

system when the chance comes his way. It may come in the shape of an undeserved pension; or it may be an office for which he is not fitted, and where his hardest work is to endorse his pay check. And that is also why so many average citizens who do not profit by the Spoils system, are lukewarm on the subject of Civil Service Reform. Forgetting that they are the Government, they have no sense of ownership in the Government's money, and they feel no sense of loss when the Spoilsman makes merry with it. There will never be a political party this side of the Millennium that has not spoilsmen among its leaders. The Spoils system must be faced and fought just so long as the people hold to their mistaken notions of what and who go to make up Government.

Ignorance or thoughtlessness, however, can not be plead when a Democratic House of Representatives tries to nullify our Civil Service Reform law, as occurred the other day. It was an underhand attempt and it was harmless, but it was none the less a thing to be ashamed of. The House voted in Committee of the Whole to strike out the appropriation for the Civil Service Commission and its employees. It was a frank confession of the lust for spoils by men who know that the Government's money has been earned by hard labor, the same as any other money. When it came to an open vote, these men lacked the nerve to stand by their secret vote, and the appropriation was restored, although seventy-five Democrats voted against it. It is perhaps natural that the most ardent reformers should be found in the party out of power; but the Democratic party has preached Civil Service Reform so long, so tirelessly and so eloquently that the people had a right to expect something better from it than a stab at the back of the law that has worked wonders in the ten years it has existed. There was no pretense made that the Civil Service Reform law is not wisely and honestly administered, or that it does not do all that is claimed for it. In fact, it was precisely for these reasons that a majority of the Democrats in the House sought to destroy the law. The fight for Civil Service Reform is not a party fight, because no party would declare for the Spoils system any more than it would declare for murder or arson. But in this instance the Democratic party is clearly guilty of a cowardly assault upon the whole cause of Reform. The two votes in the House were significant. The first showed that a majority of the House would champion the Spoils system if it could do so in secret. The second vote was an unmistakable indication that they feared the people would not again tolerate the Spoils system. The popular demand for reform is so emphatic that the most shameless Spoilsman dares not ignore it. So long as this demand continues there is hope that a day will come when Civil Service Reform will cease to be looked upon as some weird and mystic Oriental faith,—when it will be recognized as the simple application of common-sense economy to the affairs of the Government. But, until this country has wrought the complete abolition of the Spoils system, it is as a man who picks his own purse from his own pocket and throws it away.

MUSHROOM ARCHÆOLOGY.

"Old Scroggins's new place up in the Adirondacks has a hundred-acre lawn around the house."

"But I heard him saying he was dissatisfied with it."

"Yes; the plumbing in the old Norman ruin on the grounds is not up to contract."



NO MORE ROOM.

STATISTICAL CITIZEN.—Why is there such a falling off in immigration?

CYNICAL CITIZEN.—Offices are all filled.

HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

JUDGE.—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

MR. WOOD B. JUROR.—Yes, your honor, I have; but that need not matter. I have served on juries before, and I know that I shall have no opinions at all when both sides get through.

THE LEAGUE race is a very queer thing, when we consider that a number of the clubs that are in it are not in it.

IF a woman's age could be told by her teeth, like a horse's, man would occasionally have a chance to edge a word in.

GO SLOW, young man, and you may become a Senator of the United States.

THE TRAMP will not descend to slang when it comes to using "soap" as a synonym of money.



NEEDED IN HIS BUSINESS.

PHIL SPACE (entertaining a rural relation).—There, Uncle Abner! What do you think of my wardrobe?

UNCLE ABNER (in surprise).—Why, my boy, you have n't given up literatoor an' gone into that play acting business, hev ye?

PHIL SPACE (calmly).—Oh, not at all, Uncle! But I'm a reporter on the *Whirl*, now.



FLIGHTY.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KEPLER & SCHWARTZMAN INC.

MRS. ROBINSON. — What do you think of the new minister?
ROBINSON. — He's a good man, no doubt; but he's quite visionary in his ideas.
MRS. ROBINSON. — Visionary?
ROBINSON. — Yes; he talks of paying off the mortgage.

THE UNSYMPATHETIC SEX.



MRS. DORCAS. — You look worried, my dear.
MRS. COBWIGGER. — I have good reason, as I told my husband. A man allows the least little thing to make him as cross as a bear, but he expects his wife, with all her household cares, always to have a smile on her face.

MRS. DORCAS. — It won't always be so. With all this agitation for our rights, the day will soon come when woman's work in this world will be considered equally as important as that of man.

MRS. COBWIGGER. — I hope so. Now, there was my husband. He came home from business to-day with the old Harry in him. He spoiled a beautiful dinner I had prepared for him; and, just to think! it was all on account of losing his little bit of margin on fifty thousand bushels of wheat.

MRS. DORCAS. — But perhaps you were a trifle cross yourself, my dear?

MRS. COBWIGGER. — I admit I was — just a little. But there was good cause in my case. A peddler was selling bananas at eight cents a bunch. He got me to give him a quarter for three bunches, and I never found out the swindle until it was too late.

James Jay O'Connell.



DIFFERENT MEN — DIFFERENT MINDS.

MRS. BRADY. — It's all roight; but if yez were Dinnis McCarthy, it's a better husband yez would be making me.
MR. BRADY. — If Oi was Dinnis McCarthy, Oi would hav hod better sinse than to be afther makin' yez a husband at all, at all!

A TOSS-UP.

MILDER. — I came within an ace of being crushed to death twice to-day on Broadway, once by a cable car, and once by a heavy truck.
WILDER. — You were fortunate.
MILDER. — I don't know; if you had heard the cursing I got from gripman and driver, you might have thought it better for all parties that they had not missed me.

DIFFERING VISIONS.

MRS. CARSON. — The emancipated woman is a woman who sees things as they are.
MR. VOLSES. — Yes; and she drives her husband to seeing things double.

\$ AND C.

CUTTAN THRUST. — That young Dumleigh has got more money than sense.
DULHAM BLUNTLY. — I did n't know he was rich.
CUTTAN THRUST. — He is n't.

IT FREQUENTLY happens that young men of the best families can not associate with the better classes at College.

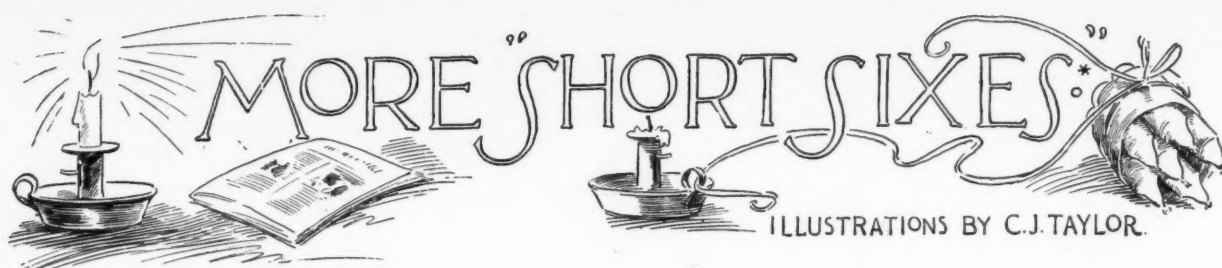
MOST MEN would be pretty well satisfied with the world if no one in it were better off than themselves.

NUDUM PACTUM — A Box of Sardines.

A PATENT RIGHT — To Charge Eighteen Times What the Deceit is Worth.

POST-MORTEM — Deadwood, Dak.

WE ALL of us live and learn; but some of us live a great deal more than we learn.



By H.C. BUNNER.

VII.

"THE MAN WITH THE PINK PANTS."

THIS is a tale of pitiless and persistent vengeance, and it shows by what simple means a very small and unimportant person may bring about the undoing of the rich, great and influential. It was told to me by my good friend, the Doctor, as we strolled through the pleasant suburbs of a pretty little city that is day by day growing into greatness and ugliness, as what they call a manufacturing centre.



We had been watching the curious antics of a large man who would have attracted attention at any time on account of his size, his luxuriant hair and whiskers, and the strange condition of the costly clothing he wore—a frock coat and trousers of the extremest fashion, a rolling white waistcoat, gray-spatted patent-leathers, and a silk hat. But all these fine articles of apparel were much soiled in places, his coat-collar was half turned up, the hat had met with various mishaps, his shoes were scratched and dusty, his cravat ill tied, and altogether his appearance suggested a puzzling combination of prosperity and hard luck. His doings were stranger than his looks. He tacked cautiously from side to side of the way, peered up a cross-street here; went slowly and cautiously up another for a few yards, only to return and to efface himself for a moment behind a tree or in a doorway.

Suddenly he gave signs of having caught sight of somebody far up a narrow lane. Promptly bolting into the nearest front yard, he got behind the syringa bush and waited patiently until another man, smaller, but much more active, hurried sharply down the lane, glancing suspiciously around. This second person missed seeing the big man, and after waiting irresolutely a moment or two, he hailed a street-car going toward the town. At the same time another car passed him going in the opposite direction. With incredible agility, the large man darted from behind the syringa bush and made the second car in the brief second the little man's back was turned. Swinging himself inside, the figures on the rear platform promptly concealed him from view, and as he was whirled past us we could distinctly hear him emit a tremendous sigh or puff of profound relief.

"You don't know him?" said the Doctor, smiling. "Yes, you do; at least, you have seen him before; and I will show you him in his likeness as you saw him two little years ago."

"Such as you see that man to-day," continued the doctor, as we strolled toward the town, "he is entirely the creation of one small and insignificant man; not the man you just saw watching for him, but another so very insignificant that his name even is forgotten by the few who have heard it. I alone remember his face. Nobody knows anything else that throws light on his identity, except the fact that he was on one occasion addressed as 'Mr. Thingumajig,' and that he is or was a writer for the press, in no very great way of business. Now let us turn down Main Street, and I will show you the man he reduced to the ignominious object we have just been watching."

We soon stopped at a photograph gallery, and the Doctor led me, in a way that showed that his errand was not a rare one, to a little room in the rear, where, on a purple velvet background, hung a nearly life-size crayon portrait. It represented a large gentleman—the large gentleman whom we had just seen—attired in much similar garments, only that in the picture his neatness was spotless and perfect. Not a wrinkle, not a stain marred him from top to toe. He stood in the graceful and dignified attitude of one who has been set up by his fellow-citizens to be looked at and admired, and who knows that his fellow-citizens are only doing the right thing by him. His silk hat was jauntily poised upon his hip, and the smile that illuminated his moustache and whiskers was at once genial, encouraging, condescending, and full of deep religious and political feeling. It was hardly necessary to look at the superb gilt inscription below to know that that portrait was "Presented by the Vestry of St. Dives Church, on the Occasion of his Retirement from their Body to Assume the Burden of Civic Duties in the Assembly of the State that Counts Him Among her Proudest Ornaments."

"Mr. Silo!" cried I.

"Mr. Silo," said the Doctor; "but he did not go to the Assembly, and that picture has never been presented. When you saw him to-day he

was running away from his brother-in-law, to get to New York to go on any sort of a spree to drown his misery. Come along, and you shall hear the tale of a fallen idol. And if, as you listen, an ant should cross your path, do not step on it. Mr. Silo stepped upon an ant, and the ant made of him the thing you saw."

I do not tell this story exactly in the Doctor's own words, though I will let it look as though I did. The trouble of letting non-literary people tell stories in their own language is that the "says I's," and "says he's," and the "well, this man" passages, and "then this other man I was telling you about" interpolations take up so much of the narrative that a story like this could not be read while a pound of candles burned.

But here is about the way the Doctor ought to have told it:

I do not wish to undervalue the good influence of Mr. Silo in our city. He has been a large and enterprising investor. He has built up the town in many ways. He has been charitable and patriotic. He was a good man; but he was not a saint. And a man has to be a saint to boom town lots and keep straight. No; I'll go further than that—it can't be done! George Washington could n't have boomed town lots and kept straight. And Silo, as you can see by those whiskers, was no George Washington. Real estate is n't sold on the Golden Rule, you know. There were times when it was mighty lucky for Silo that he was six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds.

I don't know the details of the transaction, but I am afraid that Silo treated the little newspaper man pretty shabbily. He was a decent, hard-working, unobtrusive little fellow, and he and his wife had been scraping and saving for years and years to buy a house with a garden to it, in just such a town as this. Well, no, that's not the way to put it. They had fixed on a particular house in this particular town, and they had been waiting several years for the lease of it to fall in. They were ready with the price, and I do not doubt that Silo or his agents had at one time accepted their offer for the place. But when the time came, Silo backed out, refused to sell, and disowned the whole transaction.

That, in itself, was a mean act. It was a trifling matter to Silo, but it was a biggest kind of matter to the other man and his wife. They had set their hearts on that particular house; they had stinted themselves for a long, long time to lay up the money to buy it; and probably no other house in the whole world could ever be so desirable to those two people.

But that was n't the worst of it. The man might have put up with his disappointment, and perhaps even have forgiven Silo for the shabby trick. But Silo, I suppose, felt ashamed of himself and went further than he had meant to, in trying to lash himself into a real good, honest indignation. At least, that is my guess at it; for Silo was neither brutal nor stupid by nature; but on this occasion he had the incredible cussedness to twit the little man on his helplessness. It was purely a question of veracity between the two, and Silo pointed out that, as against him, nobody would take the stranger's word. That was true; but, good Lord! Silo himself told me subsequently that it was the meanest thing, under the circumstances, that he ever heard one man say to another. He always maintained that he was right about the sale; but he admitted that his roughing of the poor fellow was inexcusable, and the thing that grieved him most and frightened him most in the end was that he had called the poor man "Mr. Thingumajig." He had not caught the real





REGARDS FOR THE FUTURE.

MISS ELDERS.—These women who are afraid to tell their age disgust me. Now, I'm not afraid to tell anyone that I am twenty-eight.

REV. PETERS (*warningly*).—Yes, Miss Elders; you may not be afraid *now*. But, remember, you will be held accountable for it in the Day of Judgement.

name; he only remembered that it had some sort of a foreign sound that suggested "Thingumajig" to his mind.

Now, all that Silo had had before him previous to that outburst was only a plain case of angry man; but from that time on he had ahead of him through his pathway in life an incarnation of human hatred, out for vengeance, and bound to have it.

"Well, now the fun of the thing comes in," said the Doctor.

"I should think it was high time," said I.

There was nothing very unusual in that little episode; but somehow it got public, and was a good deal talked about; although, as I said, hardly anybody knew the stranger, even by name. But, of course, it was well nigh forgotten six months later, when the newspaper man came to the front again.

His reappearance took the form of such a singular exhibition of meekness that it ought to have made Silo suspicious, to say the least. But he was a bit of a bully; and, like all bullies, it was hard for him to believe that a man who did not bluster could really mean fight. Perhaps he had no chance of mercy at that time; but if he did he threw it away.

The stranger wrote to the local paper a polite, even modest letter, stating, very moderately, his grievance against Mr. Silo. He further proposed a scheme, the adoption of which would obviate all possibilities of such misunderstanding. I have forgotten what the scheme was. It was not a good one, and I know now that it was not meant to be. The local paper was the *Echo*. It was run by a shiftless young man named Meecham; and, of course, Silo had him deep in his debt; and, of course, again, Silo more or less ran the paper. So, when that letter arrived, Meecham showed it to Silo, and Silo gave new cause of offense by violating the honorable laws of newspaper controversy, and answering back in the very same number of the paper. The matter of his reply was also injudicious. He lost his temper at once when he saw that the letter was signed "Mr. Thingumajig," and he characterized both the plan and its proposer as "preposterous." I am inclined to think that that word "preposterous" was just the word that the other man was setting a trap for. At any rate, he got it, and he wanted nothing better. Here is his reply:

AN OPEN LETTER TO P. Q. SILO, ESQ.
MY DEAR MR. SILO:

I greatly regret that my little scheme for the simplification of the relations between intending purchasers and non-intending sellers (so-called) of real estate should have fallen under your disapprobation. Of course, I do not attempt to question your judgement; but you must allow me to take exception to the language in which that judgement is expressed; which is at once inappropriate and insulting. You call me and my scheme "preposterous;" and this shows that you do not know the meaning of that frequently misused word. "Preposterous" is a word that may be properly applied to a scheme that puts the cart before the horse—"having that first which ought to be last," as Mr. Webster's International Dictionary puts it—or to a thing or creature "contrary to nature or reason; not adapted to the end; utterly and glaringly foolish; unreasonably absurd; perverted." If you want an instance of its proper application, the word "preposterous" might fitly be used in all its senses to describe your own brief but startling appearance on Thursday evening last, between the hours of nine and ten, in a certain quiet street of New York, in a pair of pink pants.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

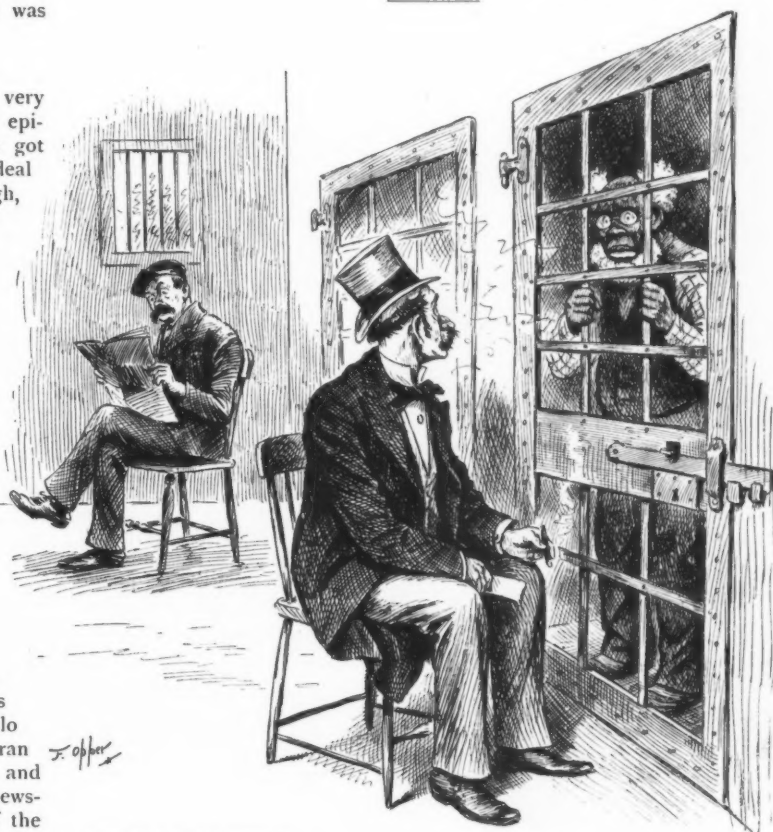
MR. THINGUMAJIG.

(Concluded in our next.)

TO A LITTLE NECK CLAM.

DELICIOUS NATIVE of the rolling sea,
Reposing in an iridescent shell,
Unto the counter through the crowd pell-mell
At foot-ball speed I fondly rush to thee.
Thou suitest my palate to a great big "T";
And with the music of the surge and swell
Thou fillest me until a siren-spell
Settest me dancing horn-pipes in my glee.
Thou art more toothsome than the oyster, crab,
The salmon, shad, or any other fish
That e'er upon my raptured vision burst;
And, when my fork I ravenously grab,
Instead of leading at the feast, I wish
That thou wert e'er the glorious dessert.

R. K. Munkittrick.



AN UNFORTUNATE OVERSIGHT.

LAWYER.—I'm afraid the case will go against you, Uncle 'Rastus. The owner of the wood-pile says you left incriminating indications behind you.

UNCLE 'RASTUS.—Dat 's jest my luck! Ef I 'd 'a know'd dey was dere, I 'd a took dem, too!

"THE LINES OF LIFE."

(A Vestal Song by a Spinster of Seventy.)



THE LINES o' life run up
An' the lines o' life run deown;
An' I hev arrived at the vanishing
p'int,
An' I'm bound fur the heavenly
teown.

Thar's many a task I ought to dew,
Thar's many but half begun;
But I'll lay 'em aside, I'll fold 'em up,
For on this airth they'll never be done.

I've twisted my doughnut and hooked up my stays
Fur the las', the very las' time;
I've sweep' the las' cobweb, an' chased the las' fly,
Fur there's none in that other clime.

Of course I can't say *jes' whar* I shall go,
Fur we're all a predistined race;
But, wherever 't will be, I'm a-goin' to *set still*—
I'm through with this tarnal chase.

My knittin' 's rolled up, my snuff box is shet,
My darnin' 's hucked away;
My dye pot 's dried down, an' the onions dried up,
An' I'm a-goin' to a "*kentry o' play*."

Don't set up no eppytaff carved in a stun,
My virtues an' failin' 's tew tell;
Let me lie there an' snooze till the trumpet o' doom
Has sounded creation's knell.

H. A. Kean.

A LARGE STOCK.

"ARE THOSE Long Island potatoes?" asked Mrs. Bridie of the grocer.

"Yes'm; the farmer just brought 'em in this mornin'," replied Mr. Skinnington reassuringly.

"I'll take a bushel, then. And have you any nice peas?" she inquired.

"Yes'm; here they are."

"Are those Jersey Delights?" she said, consulting the list she had made out from the "Market Column" in *Household Hints*.

"No, Mum; them 's Jersey Delights, in the other basket," answered the grocer, with an I-would-scorn-to-deceive-you air.

"They look very much alike," pondered Mrs. Bridie.

"Yes'm; on the outside. The difference is inside—and in the price. Them 's twenty cents a small measure, and the Jersey Delights is thirty."



COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY KEEPLER & SCHUBERTMAN, INC.

FORTUNATE.

SHIPWRECKED WIFE.—Oh, George! How fortunate my poor Mother did not come with us!

SHIPWRECKED HUSBAND.—Yes; we may have to stay here for days.



COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY KEEPLER & SCHUBERTMAN, INC.

NOT ALWAYS.

MRS. LASTYLE (to UNCLE REUBEN, in *whisper*).—Uncle, do you always eat with your knife at home?

UNCLE REUBEN (in a *loud and honest tone*).—No; I gen'ally use a spoon on these 'ere soft wittles.

"All right; let me have a peck of the Delights. Do you keep Hogson's Boneless Breakfast Bacon?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, send me two pounds of that. And now, I want a nice salt mackerel. Let me see; what is the name of the man who puts up the best?"

"Jones Brothers, Mum, of Gloucester, Massachusetts."

"No; it's Lindsay's I want," decided Mrs. Bridie, after looking over her list.

"Here you are, Mum," said the grocer, splashing about a wooden scoop in a cask, and finally bringing to the surface a consumptive-looking fish. "I keep Lindsay's, too, though some of my customers prefer Jones's. But this is a cask of the finest A No. 1 Extra Fat Blotters that Lindsay ever put up."

"Very well; pick me out a nice one. And now, I want some tarragon vinegar for Tartar sauce. Do you keep it in stock?"

"Why, certainly, Mum! I import it from Tarraga myself, and guarantee it pure."

"One bottle will do, I think. And that's all, this morning."

"Good-day, then, Mum; I'll send them things up right away," replied the grocer.

And as Mrs. Bridie stepped into her carriage she said, mentally, with a little sigh of relief: "There, that's done! Skinnington may charge good prices; but there's one thing about it, I can always get just exactly what I want there!"



COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY KEEPLER & SCHUBERTMAN, INC.

"NOT TO BE WINKED AT."

Harry Romaine.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KIEPLER & SCHRAEDERMAN 1892

AN UP-TO-DATE APPLICATION.

(With Puck's Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking on the strand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.
"If it were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If fifty maids with fifty mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

BRONSON.—Have you heard that new Populist scheme for making us all rich?

JOHNSON.—What is it?

BRONSON.—Every man is to be put on the police force.

THE STORIED PAST.

THE LADY.—Nothing to-day.

THE TRAMP.—Madam, I'm not asking charity. I'm soliciting subscriptions for a work to be entitled, "Coxey and His Generals."

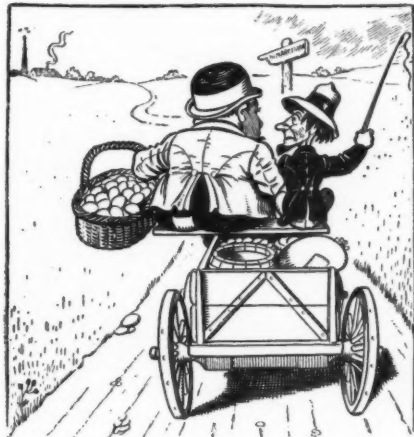
HICKS.—I'll never take my wife to the ball game again.

DIX.—Why not?

HICKS.—She thought the umpire did his best to be fair.

"I HEAR THE double-volumed novel is now all the go in America."

"Oh, no! you're mistaken. One of the books contains the novel, and the other is, 'How I wrote it.'"



JASON.—That's th' slowest old nag, Hardacre, I ever seen!

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KIEPLER & SCHRAEDERMAN 1892



FARMER HARDACRE (in wagon).—How de do, Jason! Goin' ter market? Jist jump in an' I'll give you a lift.



HARDACRE.—She is, hey? Get ep there, Dobbin!



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KIEPLER & SCHRAEDERMAN 1892

CO-WORKERS.

TOM.—Kitty and I are engaged in "Sympathetic Work" among the shop-girls.

REGGY WESTEND.—The deuce you say!

TOM.—Yes; she has to hear all their troubles and sympathize with them; and, by Jove! you know I sympathize with her.

THE LATEST FROM BOSTON.

MR. HARDHEAD.—Yes; I've tried to read Ibsen, but I can't make out what he's driving at.

MISS BEAKONHILL.—One does not understand Ibsen, Mr. Hardhead—one absorbs him.

APPROVING THE JOURNAL.

"As I look into your face, dearest," said young Wumpmug, "I can see the whole record of the present Congress."

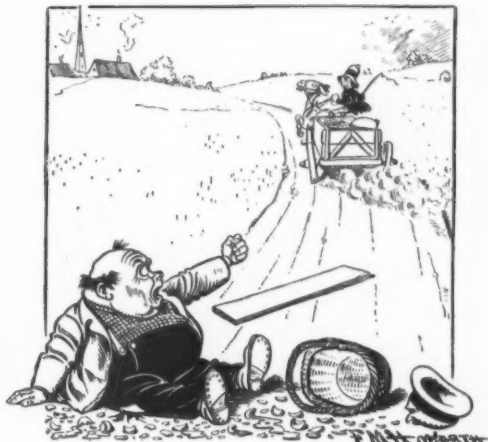
"Tell me its features," said his steady girl.

"Ayes, noes, lip, chin, cheek"—and then the usual executive session followed.

HAYRICK.—How's yer boy doin' at college, Uncle?

UNCLE TREETOP.—Splendid! Gettin' high marks; fust time he come home he had on a pin with '98 onto it.

TO THE victors belongs the privilege of fighting over the spoils.



— ! — ! — ! — ! — ! — !



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, INC.

THE TWO OLD PARTIES HAVE
BUT SHE WILL ALWAYS FIND A HEARTY WELCOME AND KIND TREATMENT

UCK.



J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building N.Y.

ES HAVE NO USE FOR HER.
ND KIND TREATMENT AT THE OLD RELIABLE INDEPENDENT HOME.



TO THE BEST OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

PURCHASER (*bringing back purchase*).—This dog is the most ferocious beast I ever came across, and you said he was as gentle as a woman.

DEALER IN CANINES.—That's straight! My wife's the only woman I know anything about.

MAN'S LOVE.



HE BEGS me to marry him, here and now;
He frets at a week's delay,
When he pictures the joy that will crown his brow
From the date of the wedding day.

He's quite convinced I can fill to the brim
His life with bliss; but, you see,
It never occurs to the man to think
If the bliss will be shared by me.

Madeline S. Bridges.

COMMENDABLE DECEPTION.

MRS. GRYMES.—Why did you tell Johnny that it would make his moustache grow to wear a piece of court-plaster on his lip?

GRYMES.—He can't whistle while testing the matter.



ON VIEW.

FIRST BOARDER (*with a wink*).—I see strawberries are in the market. The grocer on the corner has a fine lot!

SECOND BOARDER.—Is that so? I must go around and have a look at them, too.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

"She's a fine type of a true American—a happy blending of aristocrat and democrat."

"I suppose, then, you've heard she has eloped with a descendant of one of Washington's coachmen?"

NEW ARRIVALS.

She never truly realized
How small she was, in all her life,
Till their arrival was announced
As that of "Mr. Jones and wf."



ON TO HER OWN CURVES.

MISS SCRAWNEIGH.—I think your arms and shoulders are just beautiful!

MISS PLUMPKNECHT (*modestly*).—That's where we differ.

A VAST DIFFERENCE.

WIFE.—What did you tell your friend that I never said much for, when it was only yesterday that you declared I talked all the time?

HUSBAND.—Well, that's different!

"THESE SUMMER girls prepare as for a military campaign."
"Yes; they look forward to a series of brisk engagements."

A MAN NEVER realizes that life is full of ups and downs until he strikes the downs.

DONNER.—I can't imagine how Jackson had the nerve to commit suicide with a razor.
BLITZEN.—Perhaps he used to shave himself.





THE PEACE-LOVING TRAMP.

HATE A RACKET, an' a fuss,
It's all I ask, — ter loaf erround
An' sing my song, or cuss my cuss,
An' not be bothered by er sound.
I stay each Summer day I can
Ertop a little hill I found;
An' all erround is meader-land
With not a thing but cows, I'm bound
There's blame few things among ther best
That beats that places' quiet rest.

An' say, I once was in a church
W'en nary soul, but two or three
Was there. Ther winders was a smirch
Uv color stuff. A feller, he
Was playin', an' ther noise was big
Yet somehow low an' soft, — j'er see?
Say, that *was* calm! That holy rig
Was just ther thing that suited me.
I darn near yelled right out, "Hooray!
Hooray, for this 'ere peace, I say!"

L. Brewer.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY NOTE.

MRS. I STREET. — Have you called on the new Senator's wife yet?
MRS. POTO MACK. — Indeed, no! her husband does n't represent a trust.

[N A bunch of radishes
The Irishman is said
To find, in his unbridled joy,
The green above the red.



NO MONEY THERE.

FIRST BURGLAR. — Hark! I hear some man talking.
SECOND BURGLAR. — What's he saying?
FIRST BURGLAR. — That he never will bet on another horse as long as he lives.
SECOND BURGLAR. — Let's get out of this! No money here; he's lost every cent.

HOTEL TRAYMORE,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Leading all the year Resort.

For sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use
The sure cure — Bromo-Seltzer.

DOING NOBLY.
MRS. DE STYLE. —
How is your daughter
doing at college?
MRS. DE FASHION.
— Beautifully. Madame
Bringemupp writes
that she is the best-
dressed girl in her
class. — *Street & Smith's
Good News.*

A PITTSBURG re-
porter tells about a
yawning oil-well.
Somebody must have
been boring it.
— *Texas Siftings.*

"Far have I been,
And much have I seen,
But never a work like this."

BUT VERY FEW

of Puck's readers are unacquaint-
ed with PUCK'S LIBRARY; if you
are one of the few, let us send
you a copy of our Catalogue, so
you can see what a mine of mirth
PUCK'S LIBRARY is.

"Rare Compound of Oddity,
Frolic and Fun."

VERY BECOMING.
HUSBAND. — Do you
think my full beard is
an improvement?
WIFE. — How much
does it save you a
week?
"About a dollar."
"Yes; it's an im-
provement." — *N. Y.
Weekly.*

WHEN some people
say, "Get thee behind
me, Satan," they do
not want him to get
out of reach. — *Ram's
Horn.*

Tigoral gives vitality!
Served at all Fountains and Buffets.
Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.
Armour & Company, Chicago.

WILLY. — Come, Mama, let's go over and see the monkeys.
MAMA (who has the children out for an airing). — No; let's go home and see Papa. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



A Bottle of Beer

providing the beer is good, is the most healthful and refreshing of drinks. **Imperial Beer** excels in flavor, color, body, and digestive qualities. It is free from excess of gas and all deleterious admixtures. It promotes digestion and benefits the health. Connoisseurs say it is "The Beer to Drink."

Beadleston & Woerz, EMPIRE BREWERY,
New York City.
Any First-Class Grocer Will Supply You.



HIRES' Rootbeer
makes the home circle complete. This great Temperance Drink gives pleasure and health to every member of the family. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold everywhere. Made only by **The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philada.**
Send 3c. stamp for beautiful Picture Cards and Book.

• "THE BENEDICT." •
Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made. It is oblong, goes in like a wedge and files around across the button-hole; no wear or tear. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold. Can be put on any sleeve button.
BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.
Manufactured for the trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,
23 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

CANVAS FOLDING ELECTRIC BATH
Tub fits bath so two pails of water make full submergent bath. Hot Bath easily prepared in 5 minutes. We make Dry Battery and Attachments for Home Electric Bath. Invigorating. Cheap.
Investigate. ACME MFG. CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

PATENT COVERS
FOR
FILING PUCK, 75 Cents.
By Mail, 90 Cents.
Address, H. WIMMEL, PUCK Building, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

KICK

IF YOU DON'T GET THE

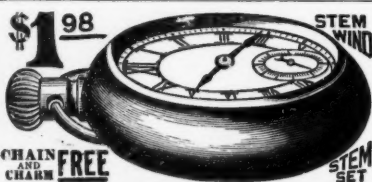


GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR

ON SALE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER,
Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.



CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination. You examine it and if you consider it a bargain pay the express agent our sample price, \$1.98, and it is yours. Fine gold plate chain and charm FREE with each watch, also our written Guarantee for 5 years. Write to-day, this may not appear again.
THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

HIGHLY EDUCATIONAL.

MISS LAKESIDE.—Did n't you think the World's Fair wonderfully valuable from an educational standpoint?

MISS DE HUBB.—Yes, indeed. I corrected the grammar of dozens of Chicago folks during my stay.



THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

VIN MARIANI

**FORTIFIES
NOURISHES
STIMULATES
REFRESHES**

Body and Brain

Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

**Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS
and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.**

MARIANI & CO., 59 West 15th St., New York.

Will soon appear:

PUCK'S DOMESTIC COMEDIES.

Pictures in colors and Black-and-White.
By F. M. HOWARTH.
25 cents per copy.

FATHER (visiting at college).—My son, these are better cigars than I can afford.
SON.—That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me.—*Yale Record.*

A MAN makes so many great mistakes that he finally becomes ashamed of trying to do better.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHAT HE NEEDED.

BUSINESS MAN (hurriedly).—What do you want to get me to the Grand Central in five minutes?

CABMAN (thoughtfully).—A new horse.—*New York Weekly.*

ASKING A GOOD DEAL.

CHURCH USHER.—Please leave your umbrella in this rack.

WORSHIPER (dazed).—But this umbrella is a silk one.—*New York Weekly.*

HER PET.

PROUD MOTHER.—Is n't my son Algy charming?

YOUNG LADY.—Yes, indeed; he's a perfect little lady.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE man who looks for difficulties will find two where he only expected one.—*Ram's Horn.*

"A Revolver In Texas."

That expression has come to be symbolic of dire necessity. Whenever a revolver is really needed, the best one is needed. There are times when a little iron or a little carelessness in workmanship might make all the difference between life and death. It does n't pay to take chances. It is n't safe to buy any revolver but the Smith & Wesson. It is made of wrought steel, thoroughly tested and fully guaranteed for accuracy, penetration and durability.

Handsomely illustrated catalog sent upon application.

Smith & Wesson, 19 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.



"WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH A CHAFING DISH."

MORAL.—If you must economize during your stay at the seashore, it is cheaper to go to a hotel than to pay doctors' bills.

WE all potter too much.—*Atchison Globe.*

A GIRL never misses a chance to go to the depot to see a friend off.—*Atchison Globe.*

Shall You Ride the Best?



Before buying your new bicycle look the field over carefully. The superiority of Victor Bicycles was never so fully demonstrated as at present. Our '94 line will bear the most rigid scrutiny, and we challenge comparison.

There's but one best—Victor.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON.
NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA.
CHICAGO.

DETROIT.
DENVER.

PACIFIC COAST:

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

PORTLAND.

A PERFECT GEM.

MR. GOTHAM.—Is that suburban cottage that you are advertising really desirable?

AGENT.—Desirable? Why, sir, it's painted in sixteen colors.—*New York Weekly.*

OF LITTLE FAITH.

FATHER.—No sense in buying kites. If you want a kite, I will make you one.

SON (doubtfully).—But I want one that will fly.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

SHE.—You are sure there is no evening paper?

HE.—Yes.

SHE.—Horror! think of having to wait until morning to find out what kind of dress I wore at my own reception!—*Inter Ocean.*



Luxuriant Hair

WITH a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by the CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and nursery. It clears the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroys microscopic insects which feed on the hair, soothes irritated and itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, and nourishes the roots.

Sold everywhere. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Sole Proprietors, Boston. "All about the Skin and Hair," free.

YALE

MIXTURE

A Gentleman's Smoke.

Perfect in its blending & manufactured from the finest Tobacco grown, regardless of cost.

A 2oz trial package post-paid for 25 cents.

MARBURG BROS
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. Successors
BALTIMORE, Md.

Will soon appear:

ZIG ZAG TALES,

From the East to the West.

By H. L. WILSON.

Illustrated

By C. J. TAYLOR.

In Cloth, - \$1.00.
In Paper, - 50 Cents.

NOT ALWAYS AXIOMATIC.

TEACHER.—An axiom is a self-evident truth. "Whatever goes up is sure to come down." Is that an axiom?

BOY.—Guesso—unless folks is talkin' about the price of coal.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

HIS FIRST SAIL.

"Let go the main sheet—quick!"
"I ain't touching it!"—*Yale Record.*

FOR BUSY BUSINESS MEN.

The Typewriter Prism

SAVES 30 PER CENT IN TIME AND 50 PER CENT IN MENTAL LABOR. Prevents errors and wear of machine.

Corrections instantly made. Avoids lifting carriage, because

OPERATOR SEES WHAT IS WRITTEN.

Enables quick learning, easy understanding, prevents covering another word, is perfect for tabulating, is indestructible, and can be attached by anybody to any writing machine.

Send for Little Book about it.

BIRKET CLARKE,
106 FULTON ST., - NEW YORK.

Bright's Disease



BUFFALO

LITHIA WATER

Nature's Great Remedy in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Dr. William A. Hammond, Washington, D. C., Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., etc.

"I have for some time made use of the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In cases of affections of the nervous system, complicated with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys or with a Gouty Diathesis. The results have been eminently satisfactory."

G. Halstead Boyland, M. D., of the Faculty of Paris and University of Leipzig; Late Surgeon in the French Army; Formerly Professor in the Baltimore Medical College.

"In cases of Bright's Disease, in which albumen in the urine reached as high as fifty per cent., I have known it, under a course of this Water, gradually diminish and finally disappear; at the same time other alarming symptoms were relieved and the sufferers restored to health."

Dr. William B. Towles, Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia: "The effects of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

are marked in causing a disappearance of albumen from the urine. In a single case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, I witnessed decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Officer of New York City: "I have prescribed

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

with great benefit in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, of New York, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital: "In all cases of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, I have found

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

of the greatest service in increasing the quantity of urine and in eliminating the albumen."

Dr. Harvey L. Byrd, of Baltimore, President and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Baltimore Medical College; Formerly Professor of Practical Medicine, etc., etc.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

has an ascertained value in Bright's Disease. A knowledge of its action in that disease thus far would seem to warrant the belief that it would in many instances, at least in its early stages, arrest it entirely, and in its more advanced stage prove a decided comfort and palliative."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

TRADE MARK FORAKER H.C. CURTIS & CO. TROY, N.Y. 20¢ LINEN LINED. FOR SALE BY LEADING FURNISHERS

ALL ABROAD.

"What I wanted to see most," said the Cook's Tourist young lady from Chicago, "was a real live Welsh rabbit. And even at Patti's castle there was none. Oh, Wales has been a disappointment to me!"



Careful Attention

to the healthful feeding of the cows producing the milk received at our condenseries is vitally important. We rigorously prohibit the use of foods not qualified to produce pure, wholesome milk. Hence, the superior quality of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Don't pay money for water!

A Solid Extract of Beef is more Economical than a liquid, because concentrated, and housekeepers will find it much cheaper to

BUY

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef,

a solid, concentrated extract, free from fat and gelatine or any foreign substance and dissolve it themselves.

The genuine has this signature on the jar, in blue:—

J. Liebig

THE DUCK IN POSITION.



DEAFNESS and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.

New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet. WILSON EAR DRUM CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. Mention PUCK.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 29 Beekman St., All kinds of Paper made to order.

A WISE COSTUME.

LITTLE DOT.—I fink I know why mammas puts pants on boys.

MOTHER.—Well, why?

LITTLE DOT.—'Cause boys is always bad, and has to be 'panked often, and dresses would be in the way.—Street & Smith's Good News.

It is never safe to tell a newly married man a secret; he'll tell his wife.—Atchison Globe.

VINO DE SALUD

(WINE OF HEALTH.)

BEST OF ALL TONIC WINES

Composed of the purest "Lagrima" Wine of Spain and an infusion of the most healthful and beneficial barks and herbs known. Aids digestion, restores wasted tissue, induces sleep, gives tone and health to the entire system. La grippe and malaria are conquered by it.

Imported by ROCHE & CO., 503 5th Ave. and 120 Broadway, New York.



"THE MOST WONDERFUL AMERICAN WATER" HEALTH, PLEASURE AND LENGTH OF DAYS. IN Londonderry Sparkling Delicious. Charles B. Perkins & Co., Selling Agents, 36 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. S. London. D. K. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—Athens.

A HANDSOME COMPLEXION

Is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives it.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING CREAM

EXQUISITE "SWISS VIOLET"

"A Fresh Bit of Soap for Every Shave."

A new and exquisite preparation that commends itself to the most fastidious. Those who have tried it are indorsing it most highly. A pure white cream, exquisitely scented. Prepared in beautiful decorated English china jars.

Directions for use on each jar. An ornament to any dressing-table. A source of daily comfort and luxury.

A very popular idea is to keep a jar of this Cream at your Barber's, and thus be sure of a perfectly clean, fresh bit of Soap every time he shaves you.

If your druggist cannot supply you with this article, we mail a jar, securely packed and postage all paid, for 50 cents in stamps; registered packages, 8 cents extra.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

in ALL principal forms are sold by Druggists everywhere.

WILLIAMS' "YANKEE" Soap, per tablet, 10c.; WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, 25c. Send for descriptive circulars to THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U.S.A. In the Shaving Soap business every day for OVER HALF A HUNDRED YEARS.

Expert Mechanics

Make Perfect Work.

Our shop is not run by a lot of Theoretical Men—only practical tailors and cutters of long experience are in our employ.

Hence our garments are of the Top Notch Perfection order— "warranted to fit well and easily—and guaranteed to wear."

771 Broadway, N. W. Cor. Ninth Street. Nicoll & Co. Tailors. 145 & 147 Bowery, New York.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St. Chicago.

AGENTS

We guarantee \$5 per day easy, quick and sure to workers. Great seller. Write quick. Royal Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Wheeling companionship
makes doubly beneficial the healthful exercise of bicycle riding. Mounted on
TRUSTY RAMBLERS
there is an added sense of security.
"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."
HIGHEST GRADE MADE.
Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. GORMULY & JEFFERY MFG. CO. Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

CHARACTER is always writing its name on the face in indelible ink.—*Ram's Horn.*

A PRACTICAL YOUTH
BOATMAN.—Yes; I need a boy about my boat-yard. Now suppose I was away and some stranger should come here to hire a sail-boat, what questions would you ask him?
Boy.—I'd ask him if he knew how to swim.
BOATMAN.—You'll do.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A POINTER.
MABEL.—Papa is getting anxious about your calls. Yesterday he wanted to know who you were.
ADORE.—Um—I say, Mabel, if he mentions the subject again, tell him you heard me grumbling about high taxes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Duminy Champagne.

Vin Brut, vintage 1889.
Extra Qualité Sec, vintage 1884.
ANTHONY OCHS, 51 Warren St.,
SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.



On which All World's Championships
OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,
are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequaled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address
THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 289 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

NOT AT HOME.
MRS. CRIMPS.—I wish to see Professor Salamagundi, the astrologer. I wish to learn if to-morrow will be a lucky day for me to start on a journey.
THE PROFESSOR'S SERVANT.—Very sorry, but the Professor is dead. He was killed in a railroad accident.—*New York Weekly.*

"BRIGGS is completely worn-out looking for work."
"It must have been offered to him every place he went."—*Inter Ocean.*

PROF. GARNER says the gorilla speaks only eight words. And yet there are people who prefer to keep a parrot.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HARTFORDS



Will give you a better return for the money invested than any other
BICYCLE.

SEND FOR ONE OF OUR CATALOGUES.
The Hartford Cycle Co.,
HARTFORD, CONN.



\$75 FOR 28-IN.

No. 1. For Men.
30 lbs. An excellent all-round wheel.

No. 4. For Ladies.
36 lbs. Designed for Ladies' use exclusively.

\$50 FOR 26-IN.

No. 2 and No. 5 same lines as No. 1 and No. 4, weighing only 27 and 33 lbs. respectively. These wheels are suited for medium-sized riders.

\$40 FOR 24 IN.

No. 3. For Youths. Weight, 25 lbs.
No. 6. For Misses. Weight, 30 lbs.
Miniature Bicycles. Perfect in every detail. Same construction as Nos. 2 and 5.

The Crescent Scorcher has the same frame as CRESCENT No. 1, the weight being reduced to 25 pounds by substituting wood rims, Palmer or M. & W. light roadster tires and Scorchers saddle. Price, \$90.

Our practical catalogue shows every part of the CRESCENT bicycles. Send for one.
WESTERN WHEEL WORKS, CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

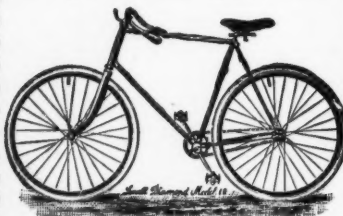
Sell on Sight.

LOVELL Diamond Cycles.

No Better Machine Made at any Price—Strictly High Grade—Finish and Material Unsurpassed—Latest Improvements Lightest Weights—Warranted in Every Respect.

Send for bargain list of Shop-worn and Second-hand Wheels. All sizes and prices.

Bicycle Catalogue Free.



Semi Racer, Wt. 23 lbs.

We stake our Business Reputation of over Fifty Years that there is no better Wheel made in the World than the Lovell Diamond.

SPECIAL BARGAIN.

We have a few Lovell Boys' and Girls' Machines which we offer so long as they last at this low price—
\$15.75.
(Formerly \$35.)

Only one Machine will be sold to each person.

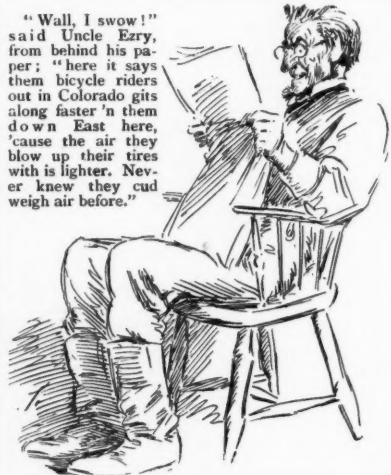
Send 10 cts. for our LARGE 400-page Illustrated Catalogue of Bicycles, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle and hundreds of other articles.

With this catalogue any one can sit in their own home and order such things as they want. We guarantee it worth ten times this amount, 10c. being the exact cost of mailing.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Agents Wanted.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



"Wall, I s'wore!" said Uncle Ezzy, from behind his paper; "here it says them bicycle riders out in Colorado gits along faster'n them down East here, 'cause the air they blow up their tires with is lighter. Never knew they cud weigh air before."



Calculating the Worth.

There are two values to a purchase,—what it costs and what it is worth, or what it pays in return for the expenditure. This is where the

WARWICK BICYCLES

take the lead. There are some wheels listed cheaper, but the WARWICK:

Stands on the top round of genuine worth. It gives the most satisfaction in return for the least expenditure. It is the lightest of the strong wheels, and the strongest of the light wheels. The WARWICK Roadster tips the scale at 25 lbs. The finest materials ensure absolute durability. Its guarantee is solid as the U. S. government, and liberally construed.

Catalogue free.

Consider carefully these facts, which are strongly attested by the great army of Warwick riders.

WARWICK CYCLE MFG. COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.

SOME preachers fail because they do not think it worth while to cultivate common-sense.—*Ram's Horn.*



Do You Ride a Columbia Bicycle?

No possible injury can result from any reasonable amount of riding on a properly constructed bicycle. The theory that cycling was harmful has long since been exploded, and physicians everywhere recommend the wheel to-day as affording the best means of exercise for men and women.

Dr. William S. Stewart, Prof. Emeritus, Medico Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, says: "I regard the use of the bicycle as a means of physical culture superior to any other means in use at the present time. The mental exhilaration which accompanies the exercise is perhaps equivalent to one-half the benefit derived, and the two means combined should, in my opinion, bring about physical strength and vigorous mind."

Catalogue free at our agencies, or mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

**The Best
is Economy**

POPE MFG. CO.,
Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

EAT BICYCLES

Without Charge.
A.W.GUMP & CO.,
Dayton, O.
will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from \$20.00 to \$50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a Candy Bicycle Transparency, good to eat but better to hang in your window.



No wheel has better material, better finish, better design than the IMPERIAL. Up to date and guaranteed. Write today for catalogue of styles, prices, etc.

The Ames and Frost Company, Chicago.

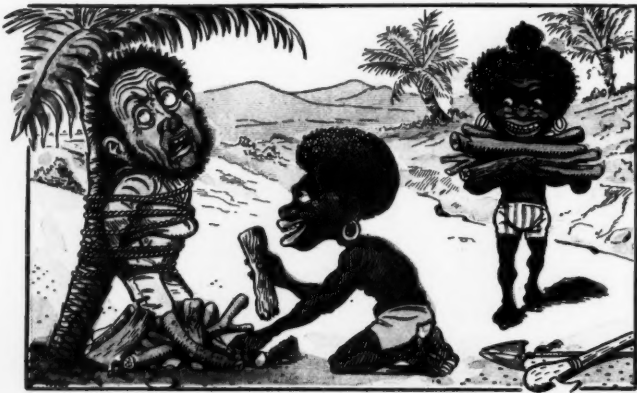
PUCK.



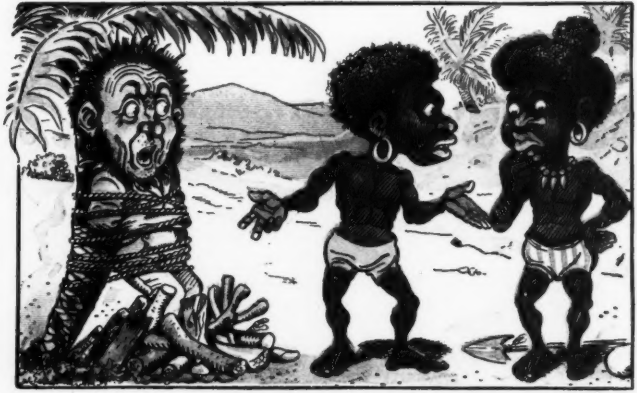
"Well, one day I goes ashore alone, which I no sooner reaches, than out jumps two niggers on me.



"I wuz taken so by surprise that 'fore I could draw me sheath-knife they had me pris'ner.



"They takes me a mile inshore and ties me to a palm tree, piling wood around me. Thinks I, 'It's all up with you now, Bill Mainbrace!'



"But, shiver my timbers! When the niggers come to touch off their fire, keelhaul me, if they had a blooming match!



"So off they goes to their nearest village to get some, knowing I wuz spliced too tight to that air tree to git away.



"But them days, lads, I wuz the sailor Sandow; an' after some tugging the ground cables of the tree gives way, an' up she comes by the roots.



"An' next thing sees me making ten knots an hour for the beach; the tree still tied to me.



"Reaching the beach, I sees me own ship standing about three miles off shore. Me arms wuz still tied. But the tree held me up, and I kicked water till I reached ship, where me mates received me with joy an' entoooseasm!"